### THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND.

Lay your playthings aside, my Little Boy Blue,
Low sinks the sun in the west,
You've danced and played the whole day through,
Come, now it is time to rest.

Your little feet must be tired, I know,
For, oh! they've been busy to-day,
And now to the "Land of Nod" we will go,
The Sand-man will show us the way.

And I'll hold you close in my arms, Boy Blue,
Till the golden-fringed curtains fall,
To cover those eyes so bright and true,
That answer the Dream Wizard's call.

Ah, I wonder, I wonder, my Little Boy Blue,
As after each day comes the morrow,
What does the future hold for you,
Will it be of joy or sorrow?

Soon the time will come for me, for you,
When the baby ties will sever,
How I wish I could keep my Little Boy Blue
Forever and forever.
—Mabel F. Tuttle, in Four-Track News.

## His Little Curse

By NORMAN H. CROWELL



HE WAS a clerk—young, gay, sanguine. Her father was the president of the Passaic Cotton company, worth a million—old, gruff, sordid. She married him thinking herself the gainer in exchanging forever an indulgent father for a loving husband. Her father had told her never to darken his portals again. She wept, but the sunny smile and comforting arm of him dried her tears and she grew content.

They rented a little cottage and for a time the young wife was as happy as the sunshine of love could make her. Her husband, dashing and light-hearted, was to her the essence of nobility—she greeted him on his return from the store rapturously. He in his turn was equally joyed in the society of his wife.

One day she discovered the pressing need of an apron—a paltry trifle. She appealed to him blithely, feeling no pang of conscience at the request to one so manly, so generous, so just. His face colored when he heard it and his answer was a broken, hesitating one.

"I—I haven't the ready cash, sweet, I—need it right off?" he said. She felt pained and looked up at him with wide eyes.

"Why—have you not that much?" she inquired.

"Did have," he mused, regretfully. "Played a hand or so last night and—things went against me," he said, awkwardly.

"A hand?" said she, soberly.

"Yes—cards, you know. Just for fun, of course," was the lame reply.

"And—my—boy—lost?"

"Exactly. But never mind. It won't happen again and—I'll see about the apron." He spoke hurriedly, shoving her away from him to sit down behind his evening paper. She went slowly into the kitchen and as she stooped to light the fire two bright tears crept into her eyes. The first cloud had dimmed her horizon.

Supper was partaken of in silence save for an occasional dismal attempt on his part to appear gay. She never said a word and his heart smote him as he saw the bright red flush in her cheeks.

"I'm a dog," he told himself. Then he went back to his paper and listened while she attended to the dishes in the lonely little kitchen.

Next morning the sun came up bright and beaming. A robin, perched on the gatepost, sang a merry spring song that bade fair to push the load of misery off her heart. Her husband appeared fresh and gay and waved a cheery good-by as he hurried out the gate and off to his work.

The day's routine came to an end at length and he returned.

"See," he cried, "here's a dollar. I've arranged to draw one dollar every day, sweety, and its going to you to be salted down."

"Oh, Harry," she exclaimed and she smiled through tears as she threw her arms around his neck.

The reconciliation was completed and the evening was the pleasantest she had yet experienced. Harold was again her ideal and she found herself hovering about him anxious to do the little offices of kindness she felt he loved so well.

A month passed by and in the rosejar, securely hidden by the fragrant leaves, were $30. Harold was true to his word and each day strengthened the band that held the two together. She had pardoned his failing, considering it a boyish prank. He had outgrown it, she said.

Happy indeed was the day, months later, when Harold came home and told her he had made arrangements to purchase the little cottage. She clapped her hands and half-smothered him with her kisses. He blushed and struggled fruitlessly to avoid them, disclaiming all credit. Then he explained it to her, she punctuating it frequently by sundry squeezes and caresses. He had asked old Curmudgeon's price on the property. Curmudgeon had demanded $1,000. He had then offered $800—compromised on $900 and had paid down $100, giving a mortage for the balance.

"What is a mortgage, Harry?" she asked, nestling closer.

"Mortgage? Why, that's what they kick you out with if you don't pay it," he said, and they laughed at his definition, as two children would.

"Oh, Harry, I'll pay it sure," she cried, seizing his face between her palms.

"There, there, child, how's supper getting along. I'm hungry as a bear," he said, finally.

She ran out and busied herself at the preparations, while he, feeling proud of everything, settled down behind the paper.

A year passed by. The second was in the midst of its glory when the joy of the little home was made supreme. They named him Harold—she insisted upon it and he indulgently acquiesced. To her the world was one of golden dreams and angelic music—the prattling of the babe sent a thrill through her heart that seemed to hurt for joy. And he—well, she almost forgot him in the presence of the other. But he only smiled and went his way.

Up in the rosejar the pile of dollars was steadily growing—leaves there were few, having been sacrificed to make room for the increasing store. In another six months he was to pay off the mortgage—old Curmudgeon had refused to accept partial payment—he wanted interest. They laughed as they pictured Curmudgeon's face when he should lay down the whole $800 in a lump and demand the deed.

The time was nearly up and the mother, between her home and husband and babe went about radiant with her joy. Her laugh grew infectious—he caught it when his day's work was done and forgot his newspaper at times.

One night the junior partner asked him to remain after work. Anxious to please, he consented—though hoping he might speedily get away homeward to her.

"'You play cards some, Harold, I presume?" remarked the junior partner, insinuatingly. He wavered.

"Oh, no—that is, not any more," he said, flushing.

"Oh, well, that's all right, you'll help fill out a table for me, won't you?"

"I—"

"Got a couple old college chums up at the hotel—be a kindness really," said the partner.

"Why—er—I—"

"Come on—just an hour, you know—she'll let you off for once—brace up."

He went. He blushed red as a rose when his fingers touched the cards and he knew that he trembled. His gaming instinct told him that the men on either side were far from college chums of the junior partner's. Yet he did not shrink from them—he resolved to hold his own, at least. He loathed a retirement at this stage—he thought of his meager store of neatly folded bills in an inside pocket and—the fever was on him.

When the hour was up he felt that he must be fully a hundred dollars to the good. He glanced at his watch—then at the junior partner, who carelessly nodded and the game went on. Etiquette demanded it.

Another hour passed—he hated to think it—yet if he was not even again he had lost but slightly. At any rate, no dangerous sum, he mused.

'Twas midnight when he found himself upon his doorstep—fearing to lift the latch. His guilty conscience was lashing him like a whip of thongs—he cringed like a cur. Through his brain letters of fire were reeling and staggering like drunken men—he pictured the cruel scene—how he had fought the demon—fought and succumbed—how in that last mad passion of desperation he had dashed off his written obligation covering the entire savings in her rosejar—how the junior partner had readily endorsed it—how he then had staked and lost—all.

"Is that you, Harry?" came a voice from within.

"Yes," he said, hoarsely.

The door opened softly and she stood before him.

"Why, how late, Harry—and how worn you look—what is it, love?"

"Work at the store—big shipment—nearly done up," he gasped.

She innocent thing, believed him. He felt a dagger at his heart as he uttered the lie. He flung himself on the bed and pretended to sleep. She caressed his heated brow with her soft hands and he would have shrunk from her touch as from punishment.

"My poor boy," she was saying.

Hours passed by and she slept. He lay awake, wide-eyed—staring into the darkness. He was debating a great question. After a long while he leaned over and kissed the babe. Then he lightly touched his lips to her's and lingered a single, hesitating moment. She stirred—murmured "Harry," and smiled in her dreams. He quietly arose and crept out—choking. One last pitiful glance towards her—the babe—home—and he was gone.

Three days later they dragged him out—slimy, swollen, unnatural.

He was a victim of his harmless curse.

### TO MAKE COTTON FROM PINE.

**Process Discovered in Bavaria Which May Revolutionize Great Industry—Experiment Successful.**

Experiments are being made in Bavaria in the manufacture of cotton out of pine wood. The method is to reduce the wood to the finest layers possible, then to subject it to a vapor process for ten hours.

The pulp is then plunged into a soda bath, where it stays 36 hours.

It is thus transformed into a kind of cellulose, to which a resistant quality is given by adding oil and gelatin. Then it is drawn out and untangled by machinery.

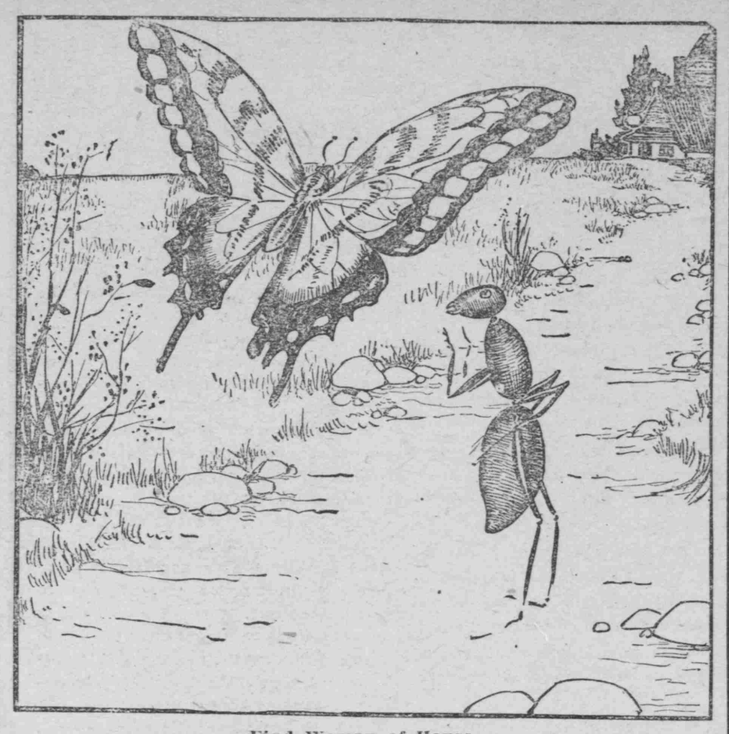
The process is said not to be expensive, and it is thought that if this cotton can be made of practical use Europe will be independent of America and India.

The immense forests of Scandinavia and Germany would furnish ample material for her "cotton" supply.

**Big Profit in Mushrooms.**

The growing of mushrooms for market has become an industry of considerable importance in this country. It has, however, been handicapped in its development by the fact that it was necessary to import most of the spawn, which are exceedingly difficult to grow. The department of agriculture announces that it has discovered a simple and practical method by which not only a high grade of the spawn of the cultivated mushroom, but of many of the wild varieties, may be produced. It is believed that the use of this method will obviate the necessity of importing the 2,300,000 pounds of mushrooms we now get from France annually.—Rural World.

### THE ANT AND THE CHRYSALIS.



Find Woman of House.

An Ant, nimbly running about in the sunshine in search of food, came across a Chrysalis that was very near its time of change. The Chrysalis moved its tail, and thus attracted the attention of the Ant, who then saw for the first time that it was alive. "Poor, pitiable animal!" cried the Ant, disdainfully: "what a sad fate is yours. While I can run hither and thither at my pleasure, and, if I wish, ascend the tallest tree, you lie imprisoned here in your shell, with power only to move a joint or two of your scaly tail." The Chrysalis heard all this, but did not try to make any reply. A few days after, when the Ant passed that way again, nothing but the shell remained. Wondering what had become of its contents, he felt himself suddenly shaded and fanned by the gorgeous wings of a beautiful Butterfly. "Behold in me," said the Butterfly, "your much-pitied friend! Boast now of your powers to run and climb as long as you can get me to listen." So saying, the Butterfly rose in the air, and, borne along and aloft on the summer breeze, was soon lost to the sight of the Ant forever.

### THE INDIAN PROBLEM.

**Chief Factors in Its Solution Are Industrial Education and Dispersion Among Whites.**

Miss Estelle Reel, superintendent of Indian schools, was recently telling a Washington Post reporter a good deal of what was being done for the young boys and girls of that race throughout the United States, reports that paper.

"There is no sort of doubt," said she, "of the good progress the young generation of Indians is making toward a higher civilization. Not long since I was out in South Dakota, inspecting the day schools on the Rosebud and Pine Ridge reservations, and was gratified to see how well the young Sioux are doing. The boys are getting not only a fair degree of book learning, but they are being taught in a practical way that oldest of occupations—agriculture. There is a garden connected with each school, and they are shown how to plant and cultivate potatoes, beans, cabbages and various other vegetables. Wherever irrigation is feasible they are shown its application.

"The young girls are instructed in all the branches of housekeeping, cooking, sewing, mending and the like. They take to these arts readily and are much cleverer with their fingers than white children. The sewing of some of the girls is really beautiful. While excelling in manual dexterity, the Indian children are slow to comprehend abstract ideas. They can be taught to cipher very well, but mental arithmetic puzzles them sadly. This, in my opinion, is additional reason for emphasizing their need of training along practical lines. It is far better to teach the rising generation how to make a crop and keep the house decently than to employ them in parsing sentences or studying history. They take interest only in the tangible and the concrete, something they can perceive with the eye, and to which they have in a way been used from infancy.

"There is no longer any opposition to the children attending the government schools on the part of the parents. In fact, the old folks now gladly bring their offsring to the schoolhouses and are proud of their scholastic attainments. The solution of the Indian problem may not be easy, but in time it will be accomplished. The two chief factors to that end is this industrial education and after that the dispersion of the Indians among the white people throughout every part of the United States."

**Long Island Racing Tract.**

In 1670 Daniel Denton, an old historian, wrote: "Towards the middle of Long Island lyeth a plain sixteen miles long and four broad, where you shall find neither stick nor stone to hinder the horses' heels or endanger them in their races, and once a year the best horses are brought thither to try their swiftness, and the swiftest is rewarded with a silver cup." In 1770, a London book makes this statement: "These plains were celebrated for their races throughout all the colonies and even in England. They were held twice a year, and thither resorted the gentry of New York and New England." In 1903, after a Rip Van Winkle sleep of over a century, the tide of years and events returns this great tract to its earlier conditions, "a resort for the gentry of New York and New England," and a very much wider circuit of the country.—From "Where Extremes Meet," by G. M. Clapman, in Four-Track News.

**In His Line.**

Violet—What could he have seen in that girl to make him want to marry her?

Joan—Well, you see he's fond of yachting, and she's such a breezy creature that naturally he took to her.—Woman's Home Companion.

### COLORS IN BIRDS' EGGS.

**A Secret of Nature Which Is a Poser Even to Men of Scientific Education.**

"If you are interested in national problems," said a man who likes to pore over cases in the Museum of Natural History, according to the New York Sun, "here's a very simple one, but you can find in it all the food for speculation and theory you want, as scores of eminent thinkers have done already.

"What is nature's reason for the color and marking of birds' eggs, and in the process of evolution how has it worked out? There must be a reason for their infinite diversity, and it can hardly be an aesthetic one.

"That looks simple enough, yet the most advanced naturalists haven't been able to puzzle it out. All they can say with any confidence is that the all-pervading instinct of distrust and need for protection is exhibited in eggshells as in more important things, and the main idea in their color scheme has been to secure safety in harmony with their surroundings. But even that has exceptions.

"Take the doves. Their eggs are white and are plainly visible in the flimsy nest, though the nest is built in a tree, and the eggs should be of a darker tint, to follow the general rule.

"Now, that, I believe, has been reasoned out in this way: The original doves were rock doves, and they laid white eggs in conformity with the natural law which ordains that color for most species of birds nesting in the dark, so that the female might readily see them when she comes into the gloom.

"You find traces of this early instinct in the fact that wherever there is a deserted rabbit warren you will find doves taking advantage of it to build their nests in the abandoned burrows. But whether in holes or trees, the nests still contain white eggs, which nature ordained for their rock dwelling ancestors.

"Owls lay pale eggs for the same reason. They breed in the dark.

"On the other hand the ducks, which so far as anybody knows, have always frequented the most open places, also lay pale eggs without markings. But with them you will find a greater tendency to revert to olive browns or sandy tints, the very color of the sand and shingles on which the eggs are laid.

"The eggshells of the plovers and similar beach breeders are exactly ground color, just as the partridge and pheasant eggs are the color of fallen leaves. And grouse, quail and moor fowl have eggs matching exactly in color with the brown stems of heather and the pine tree scales among which they lie.

"But there are blue and white and spotted eggs you can't explain. At least I can't satisfactorily. Anybody may start his own theories on the subject, and find the problem endless. Solve it correctly, and I think you will solve at the same time half a dozen other mysteries which have puzzled great scientists on this queer problem-filled planet."

**In the Calamity Class.**

The great man had written his autobiography.

The purist placed his critical finger upon the sentence which began: "My wedding occurred—"

Mildly he remonstrated. "Calamities occur," he said. "Marriages, balls, receptions, and previously ordered events take place."

The great man looked up wearily.

"That being the distinction," he said, "we will let the sentence stand."

So it went unrevised.—N. Y. Times.



### FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS.

"The Henderson Route"—Always First

The traveling public will be pleased to learn of the latest innovation in the way of comfort in travel for its patrons which is now being offered by that most popular railroad, the "Henderson Route," which road has been rightly termed the "Kentuckian's Official Route to the West and Southwest."

It has just been announced from the general office of the Louisville, Henderson & St. Louis Railway that they now have in service on their night trains between Louisville and St. Louis, Free Reclining Chair Cars, which have just been received from the shops and are a revelation in the car builder's art.

The cars are strictly up-to-date, first-class "palaces of travel" on wheels, and this is only one of the many surprises which are promised the public for the World's Fair travel by the Henderson Route.

Among other advantages offered in these highly finished cars, a few of the most important points only are mentioned:

They are solidly vestibuled and are furnished with sixty-four reclining chairs, which are upholstered in beautiful green plush, in addition to smoking and toilet rooms, the smoking rooms being finished throughout in leather. They are also fitted up with triple trucks, which feature will do away with the jerk, jar and strin incident to travel in the ordinary railway coach, and insures a smooth, comfortable ride. This should prove more than a popular feature in train service to the traveling public, and you can only suggest that in traveling you "get the 'Henderson Route' habit."



### Railroad Time Card.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE.

ARRIVAL OF TRAINS AT PARIS.

From Cincinnati—10:58 am; 5:33 pm; 9:45 pm.
From Lexington—5:11 am; 7:45 pm 3:23 pm; 6:10 pm.
From Richmond—5:05 am; 7:50 am; 3:18 pm.
From Maysville—7:40 am; 3:15 pm.

DEPARTURE OF TRAINS FROM PARIS.

To Cincinnati—5:15 am; 7:55 am 3:30 pm.
To Lexington—7:50 am; 11:05 am; 5:40 pm; 9:49 p. m.
To Richmond—11:10 am; 5:38 pm; 9:51 pm.
To Maysville—8:00 am; 6:20 pm.
F. B. CARR, Agt.

FRANKFORT & CINCINNATI.

Arr. from Frankfort—8:30 am; 3:25pm.
Lve. for Frankfort—9:30 am; 5:42 pm.
All F. & C. trains arrive and depart from L. & N. Station.